

Kavigaru's

Yours

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Songs of Love



**Kavigaru's
Yours Lovingly**

Songs of Love

163/R OP

To

S. J. Markandeya Gariki
Affectionately

by

T Gopal

30/2/2K1

Sri Kavigaru
(A. Gopala Kishan Rao)

163/R OP

**Rendition of Telugu Lyrics
of
Sri Sharmaji**

Yours Lovingly

(Songs of Love)

by

Kavigaru

April 2001

Price Rs. 50/-

Type Setting

ANURAGA GRAPHICS

1-4-140, Kalasiguda, Secunderabad - 500 003.

Printed at

BALREDDY PRESS

1-4-140, Kalasiguda, Secunderabad - 500 003.

① : 7813343

PUBLISHERS

KAVIGARI KALA PEETTAM

Ammakrupa – Swarnalayam

97, Vasavi Colony ‘A’, Secunderabad - 15.

Ph 7747882

Copies can be had from above or Hanamkonda Address



*With high regards dedicated
to
My Friend, Philosopher and Guide
Sri Devulapally Sudarshan
My Maternal Uncle –
English, Telugu, Hindi and Urdu Poet
– Kavigaru*

I Vouchsafe

*These My Lyrics
Are Free verses
With no prosody
But all rhapsody
Rhythm and rhyme
Are incidental chime
Of joy·ecstatic
What if nt poetic
Have melody-lilt
Enjoyable to the bilt !*

CHARMING TRANSLATION

I have gone thorough the collection of poems you have translated into English and I am thankful to you for giving me this opportunity.

It is often said that translation of literary works in general and poetry in particular will destroy the artistic and cultural values of the original. But you have proved that this is a popular misconception. For you have not only translated some of the original poems with a singular commitment but also added extra charm to some other original poems. I congratulate you on this rare achievement.

I hope that you will continue this mission of yours because translation is the only effective means of transcultural expression and communication.

I wish you all success in your endeavours and pray to God that you should be blessed with health, longevity and prosperity.

Date : 18-04-2001

Sd/-

(A. Subba Rao)

Professor, Chairman Board of Studies
Dept. of English, Osmania University

HONEST APPRECIATION

I have only had a glimpse of his work accidentally when we chanced to meet. But I have profound appreciation for his work which seemed to be both like Shakesphere's work in places and like Rabindranath Tagore's in some other places.

Date : January, 2001

Dr. K. SUBRAMONIA IYER

Prof. of Civil Engg. Calicut REC (Retd.)

"Aum", 28/464, Mavoor Road,

Chevayur P.O., Calicut,

Kerala, 673017

PLAIN TALK



Quite when A.P.S.E. Board is about to bid farewell on retirement after thirty six years of devout service, Mighty Mother on Mount Helicon took Gopala Kishan to her lap to add one more star to the Literary Galaxy.

Language is a developed form of communication of thoughts, ideas, hopes and aspirations of human beings, while literature is the refined, finished and polished form of language. Poetry though the earliest yet the most natural order of human expression, is the quintessence of literature.

Times immemorial many rare, gifted literati sang, said uttered and wrote rhythmic words and lines in pure prosody that became trend setters for posterity. These pioneer torchbearers laid paths of traditional poetic rule facilitating others to follow that uniform way with a convenient scope of remembrance also to the reader.

Later a few others thoroughly well-versed in traditional ways sought to breakaway from the oft-beaten traditional track to create new trends. Even those were gifted talents who proved their worth by succeeding in their attempts at finding new horizons in penning lyrics. Yet others who are impatient to learn, understand and follow the traditional rules, the metric variations, their stresses and strains, the most melodious beats of metrical foot, the reverberating rhythmic resonance and the superb excellency of established traditions chose to give up traditional rules making frenzy statements like; "I hate all sorts of artificial bindings for poetry.

Neither all strict traditional followers always give very good poetry nor all that comes from persons unacquainted with rules of prosody can be brushed aside as trash. Most learned versifiers

may give only perfect verse devoid of poetry; and not all traditionally learned may not produce good verse yet give the best of poetry. Which of these categories Gopala Kishan belongs to — I leave it to the literary Elite, Experts and Critics to judge, since I am not a critic myself but am an ordinary reader, who can just share the feelings of the writer, can weep with the weeping eyes and laugh to heart's content when the writer pours forth his heart and soul into his writing.

The anthology "Yours Lovingly" is a translation of original Telugu lyrics of Sri Sharmajee who glorified Love and the Beloved in a most distinct fashion which is one of its kinds in the recent times.

Original, Creative writing is much easier than translation. Translation of poetry especially from one language into another is a much more difficult job, more so when it happens to be in the realm of amour and spiritual spheres. In this case it is not only the language that the translator has to take care, but it requires almost a total transmigration of heart and soul alongwith appropriate diction.

Gopala Kishan as I know him since his early childhood is neither a literary adept nor has he ever been initiated to romanticism or spiritualism, yet his masterly rendering of Sharmajee's "Nannu Neekichesamu" (I have given myself unto you) – a nondualist Love offering (Advaita Atmarpanam – Total Self-surrender at the altar of Love) has been wonderfully translated at the same time maintaining close adherence to the original in letter and spirit, has simply left me spell bound ! When and how he acquired this high literary excellence is a thing that astounds Me !

In all humility he though tells me that it is a proud inheritance from me. His field of work although these thirty six years has been far away from literature or fine arts. Some people inculcate

the habit of nourishing extra-professional activities at the cost of their avocational adherence. But during all his service as Electrical Engineer I have never known him neglecting his duty once.

He is today as much devoted to literary pursuit as he was to his duty as a public servant.

This translation is comparable to Sri Amarendra's English version of Dr. C. Narayana Reddy's Gnan Peeth Award winning "Vishwambhara" in Telugu, which is one of the most excellent translations in recent years. The only difference between the two translators is their avocations in life ! Amarendra had a literary career although whereas Gopala Kishan led an Engineer's life till last year. One can find the excellence of translation from the following :-

In the very first line :

Just before
The dawn at last
Your lipping
My eyelids revealed
That – that
Experience is too old
And yet
Another Sweet one
Is about to
Conjure that one !

In the second one :-

My eyes are
Heavy always
In your absence
With tears springing
In your presence
With Love abounding

In the third Poem "Eternal Bliss" the summing up lines are simply superb :-

Oh ! the moment of
Ecstatic confluence
With both our
Hearts frozen immense
What if we die hence
Having had eternal bliss !

Should I cite all the like touchy expressions I fear My "Plain Talk" may grow more voluminous than the anthology itself. Quoting the finesse of the last lines of the couplet i.e., selfishly asking the beloved for a cyclonic embrace and at the same time commanding the cyclone not to touch anything else by the simple use of the word "Alone" shows his humanitarian attitude lest the cyclone should devastate the surroundings. In fact all the ultimate couplets are climaxes leading to apt and resounding captions.

Sans its smell sandalwood
No one cares being not good
Let me not evaporate in air
Let me no more cry in despair
Do come as a deep cyclone
Depart Love – Embracing Me alone !

I am reminded of Guru Dev Tagore's words "Don't insult your friend by pouring praises from your own pocket", which force me to stop this "Plain Talk" here.

– Devulapally Sudarshan

Dt. : 24-4-2001

"Vishwamatha Sadan"
2-9-498, Srinagar Colony,
RTC Depo-Waddepalli Road,
Hanamkond - Warangal Dist. (A.P.)



Love is Life

I am one of the rare who believe "To Love is divine and to be loved is blessing".

Coordinating and correlating life and living to 'Love' have penned the Telugu lyrics serially for over an year in Mayuri Telugu Weekly as though LOVE has grown as my mania.

Adding lustre and fragrance to the Telugu Lyrics and rendering them more luscious Sri Auknoor Gopala Kishan Rao (Kavigaru) has translated them all -Wonderfully. Hats-off to his erudition.

Telugus who have written prose/poetry in English and succeeded can hardly be counted. Sri Gudipati Venkata Chalam is one of those rare eminants who was a revolutionary writer in Telugu while his many thoughtful writings in English also move the readers.

For example :-

"You are My all World and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue
None else to me, nor I to none alive
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the World besides me thinks are dead"

(“Premalekhalu”)

Quite similar feelings exist in the words of Sri Gopala Kishan Rao. My thoughts and words found a glorifying equal in his masterly translation. I must admit that in his style all my thoughts have soared unfettered heights and stand penned anew with celestial bliss.

To quote some :-

Our association is
Not an expected one
Hence the bond is
Now inseparable one"

(from "Shall Wait till Last")

I died the day we first ever met
Am born again in your love I bet
My tender mind is very crazy
In your amour mad and frenzy".

(from "Blessing in Love")

"Life is to live and suffer
Do as you like
You alone can venture
I am "Yours Lovingly" for ever" !

(from "Yours Lovingly")

"Love fully blind-folded my eyes
The blame and the sin all yours
Still I bow and Love only you
Yes but why so mad I love you"

(from "Springtime Delight")

Sri Gopala Kishan Rao carved each lyric as a poetic wonder. A Good-Samaritan, great humanist and humourist Sri. Gopala Krishan Rao's large heartedness knows no bounds and is unforgettable. He vibes to the trifling human misery which reflects in his writings. It is needless to say this will endear all readers.

My attempt to glorify Love's Divinity and Omnipotence is uniquely reiterated doubly emphasizing in the translation.

I wish his poetic journey in all languages the needy momentum to lead him to all success and glory resulting in bringing-forth many more anthologies like this.

Expressing my profound gratitude to him for his passionate and delightful translation of my lyrics. I remain.

**Aum Sairam
Sharmajee**

Dt: 12-4-2001
3-12-80, Ganesh Nagar
Ramanthapur, Hyderabad - 13.
Ph : 7039645

HELLO ! PLEASE HEAR ME

For the last thirty six years I have been an Electrical Engineer professionally and had least necessity to look for Johnsonian English.

It is hardly over a year now, that my entry into the realm of poetry (I better call it free-verse) on 20th February 1995 by translating a very fine Telugu Ghazal "Mouna Ranam" of Doyen of Telugu Literature Acharya C. Narayana Reddy into English as "Silent Strife" and Urdu as "Jugn-e-Quamoshi" gave me the needy fillip in going ahead with rendering some of his masterpieces and that of others too. He is thus my Ekalavya Guru to whom I owe lot of obeisances for his affectionate encouragement to continue to write in English. Couple of other well-wishers also wanted me to pursue writing in English. It is this encouragement that pushed me forward, with neither mastery nor command over English, to venture to take up further translations from and to English, Telugu and Urdu mutually. I have also penned around three hundred of my own writings in Telugu over a year altogether averaging one a day.

It will be in the fitness of things if I here mention a couple of incidents genetic and prophetic also for my emergence as a writer. I come from a family of three maternal uncles who are expert poets in Telugu, English, Hindi and Urdu languages. I have, of course, started very late, though, in 1995, their influence must have been bidden in me all these years. One of these maternal uncles (Sri Devulapally Venkateswara Rao - Pen name "Devera" who has died premature in his thirties) used to call me "Kavigaru" (Poet) as early as late 1940's itself. Strangely enough his prophecy has come true after about half-

a-century and therefore I have very rightly adopted my pen name as Kavigaru". My youngest maternal uncle Sri Devulapally Sudershan, who is my friend, philosopher and guide throughout has very kindly penned foreward to this anthology as "Plain Talk" but in all superb verve.

My eldest maternal uncle Sri Devulapally Ramanuja Rao who died couple of years back is regarded as a pioneer crusader in upholding the dignity of Telugu Language and its development. He was also a pioneer in the development of Libraries in Andhra Pradesh.

Around the same time in 1995 when I penned my first writing I happened to see an amorous lyric by Sri Sharmajee in Mayuri Telugu Weekly with ample amour and literary values which touched my heart so much that I immediately translated into English and Urdu and continued with another sixty of them appeared around an year serially. Only thirty of them find their way in this anthology and the rest in the volume two.

Sri Sharmajee was very much appreciative of my translations and gave me an opportunity to pen a note in English. In his Telugu anthology published captioned "A Gesture Well Deserved". He has readily permitted me to publish this anthology. I profusely thank him and also feel that I have done good justice to the original.

I remain wishing the readers a very pleasant experience and also requesting to send me their valuable suggestions and views so that I can improve my avocation.

KAVIGARU
(A. Gopala Kisban Rao)



I am not though any poet
Am a poetry loving artist
Who can well visualise
Thoughts and picturese
Love is beyond definition
Is to all of us known
Kavigaru in "Yours Lovingly"
Defined Love so perfectly
Says my illustrations
Are fragrance to flowers.

KARUNAKAR
Artist

1955



AN EXPERIENCE STOLEN

Out of My

Treasure of memories

Someone

Stole an experience

Night long was I

Frantically

Searching for it

Just before

The dawn atlast

Your pretty lipping of

My eyelids revealed

That—that

Experience is too old

And yet

Another sweet one

Is about to

Conjure that one !



ABOUNDING LOVE

My mind is in

Eternal distress

In your absence

In pangs of separation,

In your presence

In piles of adoration.

My eyes are

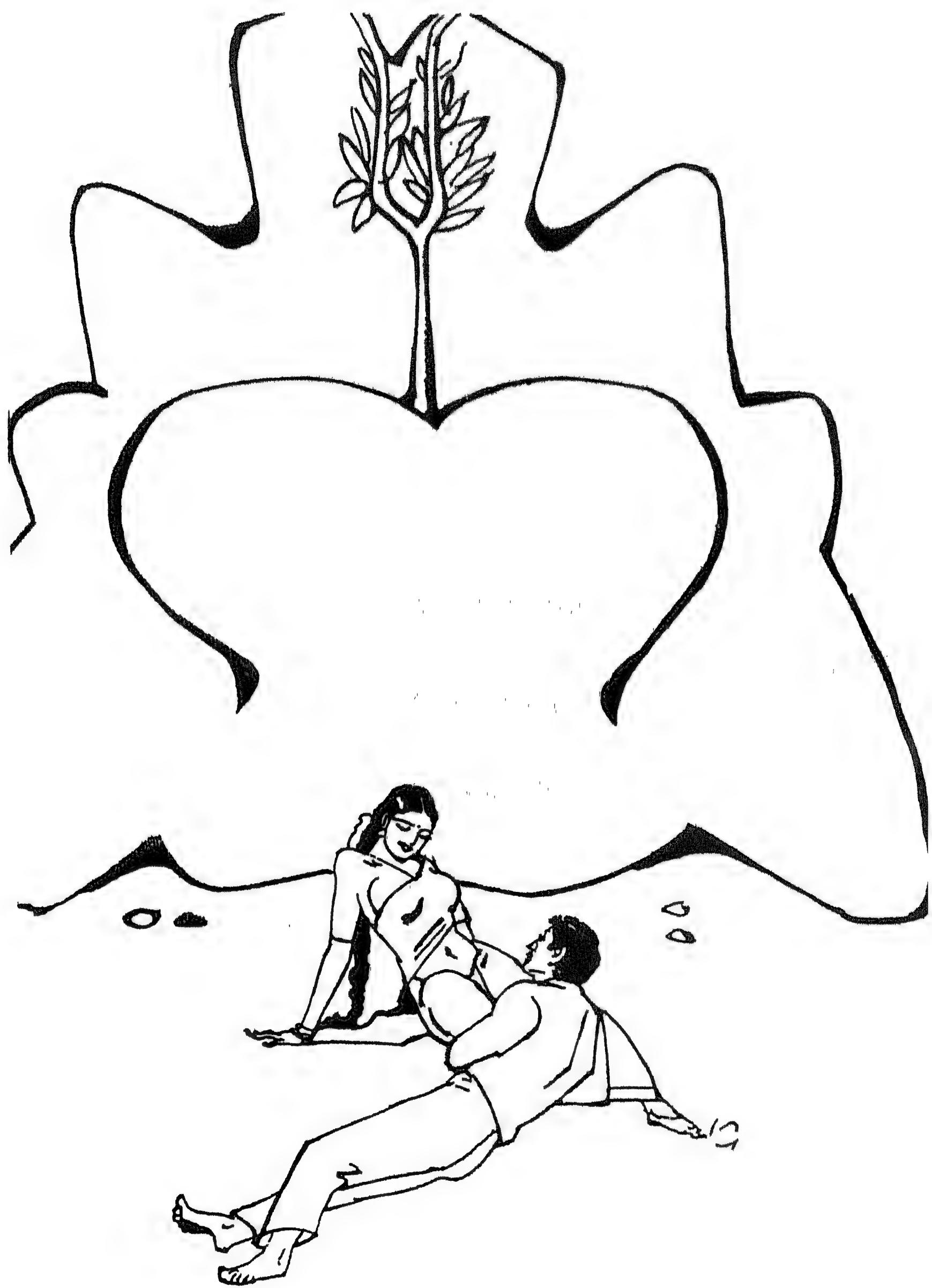
Heavy always

In your absence

With tears springing -

In your presence

With love abounding !



ETERNAL BLISS

Is there hope in pain
Or pain in hope
In thine affection ?
Am experiencing both
Encircling my eyes
In their turns
Pining for you
Next moment on parting
Waking up in awe and
Searching for you
Next moment on sleeping
What is this ?
Profuse love and
Eternal affection
Stealing from the
pages of your looks
Getting on as
Myself in the crowds
Echoing often is
The song of Love
You tuned in
My nerves, my Love
Matching eye to eye
In the vastness of sky
Lipping flowery aromatic lips
Knowing not time freezing tips
Oh ! the moment of ecstatic confluence
With both the hearts frozen immense
what if we die hence
Having had eternal bliss !



CYCLONIC EMBRACE

You as my
Heart beat
In grief and
In delight
Clasping your
Arms in mine
You became
Part of mine
You prop
My worries and
My search
Till loves end -
All the above
Keep me alive
Giving lease of life
fresh enough sure
Transforming
Life as love adoring
And Comblning
Wonder and luck
Desire or Possession
Whatever it be
Breaking all
Principles that be
Erasing all
Boundaries in Love
Wish to embrace
Cyclonically oh ! my Love !



CARESS GENTLY

In my attempt to
Transform you unto me
Many a word is failing
To face you in shame
And evaporating
Within me my dame
Love leads to weep
And then delight
Darts the heart and
Doubles stress alright
None can be cruel
Than love – say lovers
It is equally true too
In our own experience
Love doles tenderness
And in it doles passion
Passion then doles
Simplicity and so on
Metamorphosise into
Facades ever so many
Still you are my target
Of Love oh ! my honey
Embrace me ever
So pitchy as darkness
And gently like
The moonlight Me caress !



SHALL WAIT TILL LAST

Our association is
Not an expected one
Still the bond is
An inseparable one
Affection springing joy
Separation sounding grief
How difficult it is to chain
The soul for relief
Unfortunate it is
Missing the mate desired
Mischance it is
Inept owning of the beloved
Great grief is missing
You and your confluence
My growing desire
Perplexity and distress
All have only
One answer – your smiles
I shall till last breath
Be waiting
Your brave divine arrival
Thy name everchanting .
My lyrics all
As carpet spreading !



ROSY SWEET LIPS

Our affection a knot of parallel lines
I hate the thought of separating ourselves
Villain the Life conspiring with the world
Is trying its best some how to sword
Us who so wholeheartedly Love each other
How the hell it imagines us to surrender
Shall conquer life and continue affection
By bowing separation aiming hope as weapon
Crushing with dreams and winning life
Let's carry on with love although life
For you and your so sweet affection
Burying all my dreams number unknown
Burning all my painful worries into ashes
Turning all my smiles into deep cries
Affection sparkling in thy looks fully
All my longing for you heaping hilly
Shall suck the lifelong sweetness
Brimming your beautiful rosy lips !



NOVEL AND WONDER

A stare at the silence
in you looks
An ear at your
Scintillating laughs
Seem not experiences
That are any fresh
Appear very familiar
Buds all afresh
That blossomed into
Hues kaleidoscopic
Pleasant to the eyes
Beautiful and scenic
We are like sacrificing
Soldiers in country's love
And souls dead
For the same goal Love
Beloveds in full desire
Bemoaning parting
Believing life a full satire
What is all this ?
Is it for me to pray
With palmsful my
Hopes all in array
As to me heartfully
Your affection render
You are nothing but
Novel and wonder !



REASSURE ME ONCE

Perturbation

Satisfaction deluding

Thoughts all

Sound sleep disturbing

Your stretched hand

Stressing impunity

Your love and laugh

My bliss guarantying

My mind strengthening

My thoughts respecting

Your musical eyes

Your poetic fingers

Your sweet lips

Your comforting looks

"All are mine"

Feeling of mine

Reassure but once !



LOVE NEVER FAILS ME

Every time we meet am madly happy
And when we part am equally unhappy
May be that is only the plight of souls
Lingering between pairs and despairs

Glancing my morns in thy eyes
Hiding you Heart in my lyrics
Like things thrive on brandnames
Am your lover in love's flames

That without your audio and video
All my existence is like a dark studio
Your grief being mine – Great God
Aiming my weakness at me is sad

I have but two aims in my life
In your love alone brightening my life
Or end abruptly making it brief
Burning into ashes in ghastly grief
Let me see what is in store for me
Am hopeful that Love never fails me !



BLESSING IN LOVE

I died the day we first ever met
Am born again in your love I bet
My tender mind is so very crazy
In your amour mad and frenzy
You be fully mine forever in love
Wheedle Defeat Step-along my love
Raising jasmine curtains between us
Erasing limits of formalities before us
So as to dwell in cosy corporeal clasps
Your wish to keep me always joyous
How to repay it at all do not know
My mind always would wish to know
By what action of mine do you love
Me forever and become mine oh! Love
Art lover otherwise am webbed in amour
Desires all lustfully engulfing me forever
Soaring in your world so imaginary
Singing duets as on celluloid customary
Souls and bodies drawing closer together
Whatelse it is but blessing in Love oh! Dear !



YOURS LOVINGLY

Love means
All grief is true
The pangs of
Separation that accrue
Are many a
Time sadder compared
With the
Enjoyment we have had
Your glance each
As at first sight
Your grace too
Same as on first date
Your word each
Lightening as at first love
Life is to live
Love and suffer
Do as you like
You alone can venture
I am forever
“Yours Lovingly”
Do not spell
Otherwise whatever
For my fistful heart
Is not at all bold
And may even arrest
Should you spell loud !



SHALL EVAPORATE IN ADORATION

Regard at first
For you turned to liking
Liking to Love
Well beyond quantifying
So much so
To the extent
I can't live now without you
Me here
Love in between
And you there
Like our Hopes Adoration
Conquering time
Our minds entwining
Desires swelling in rhyme
If it be for
Uniting corporally alone
Needn't undergo
This separation and pain
This search
This trituration all in vain
Feel oh! Dear
Each other's longing vein
I shall stay forever
As lilting lyric on your lip
Or evaporate in your
Adoration and wave all gossip !



WISH I SING MY LOVE TO THE WORLD

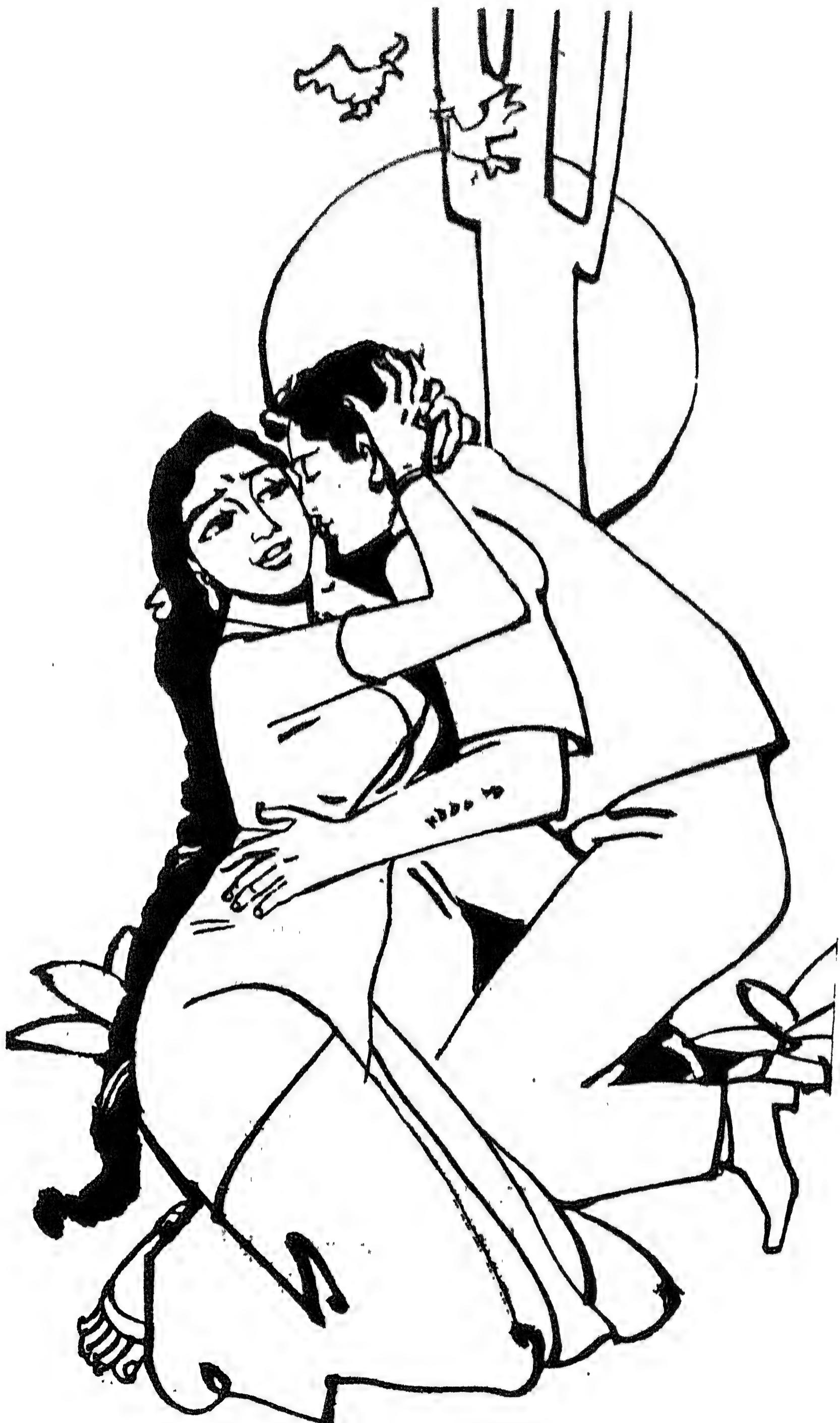
Like a lightning streak
Hitting resting clouds
You struck all my
Colourful scintillating dreams
Purity Chastity Affection
You personify and
Encircle Love yourself
So very supreme
A dense desire raging
Into sorrow within me
A deep distress peeping
Passionately out of me
A sweet agony
Helplessly worrying for thee
All unbearably
Roll warm pearly tears
Your supremacy
In revealing the joys of
Embraces in love's climax
I wish to sing my love
To the envying whole world
And proclaim my luck
From the roof top dam-bold !



LEAVE YOU NEVER

Love affection attachment whatever be
We should come together one - to - be
You beyond comprehension of others all
The Love you make with tremendous toll
An iota of which to me as life valuable
Believe me or not I treat you believable

Loving is no sin at all my Dear
Should it seem so – It is sin very pure
Like the needle piercing through flowers
Makes a garland for God's prayers
Love stakes hopes as well thoughts
To brighten the hearts and lives
You do dwell in my ideals Thoughts
Desires and Feelings so much always
That's why I love you more than others
Though away bodily always it appears
You are close to my heart my love
Never Can I leave you oh! my Love !



WARM EMBRACES

You may accept
My mad love but
It may be anyhow not
bearable to you as yet
Am I over expressive
In my love's claim
And in distress deep
Do you I exclaim
I swear on moonlight
Oh! my lovely Moon
Satisfier of my heart's
Appetite oh! my Boon
I can't at all live
Sans you in any case
And forget you
Is for me not that ease
Still becoming
Inevitable now and then
Creator Almighty
I prefer to pray then
To leave you alone
For me is enough
Your presence in my lap
sustains my life
I shall then
Spend time in your smiles
And melt in
Your affectionate embraces.



PLEASANT WHEEDLING

Everything appearing fine till yesterday

Seems pathetically all pitiable today

The wind alas seems sorrow spreading

The rose appears parting news proclaiming

The clouds look all pale and trite

The sky very much sad and silent

The world around mocking my loneliness

How to comfort myself Love with all this

Great grief without you heaving sigh

Ecstatic love Imagining you in mind's eye

My eyelids for the touch of your lips

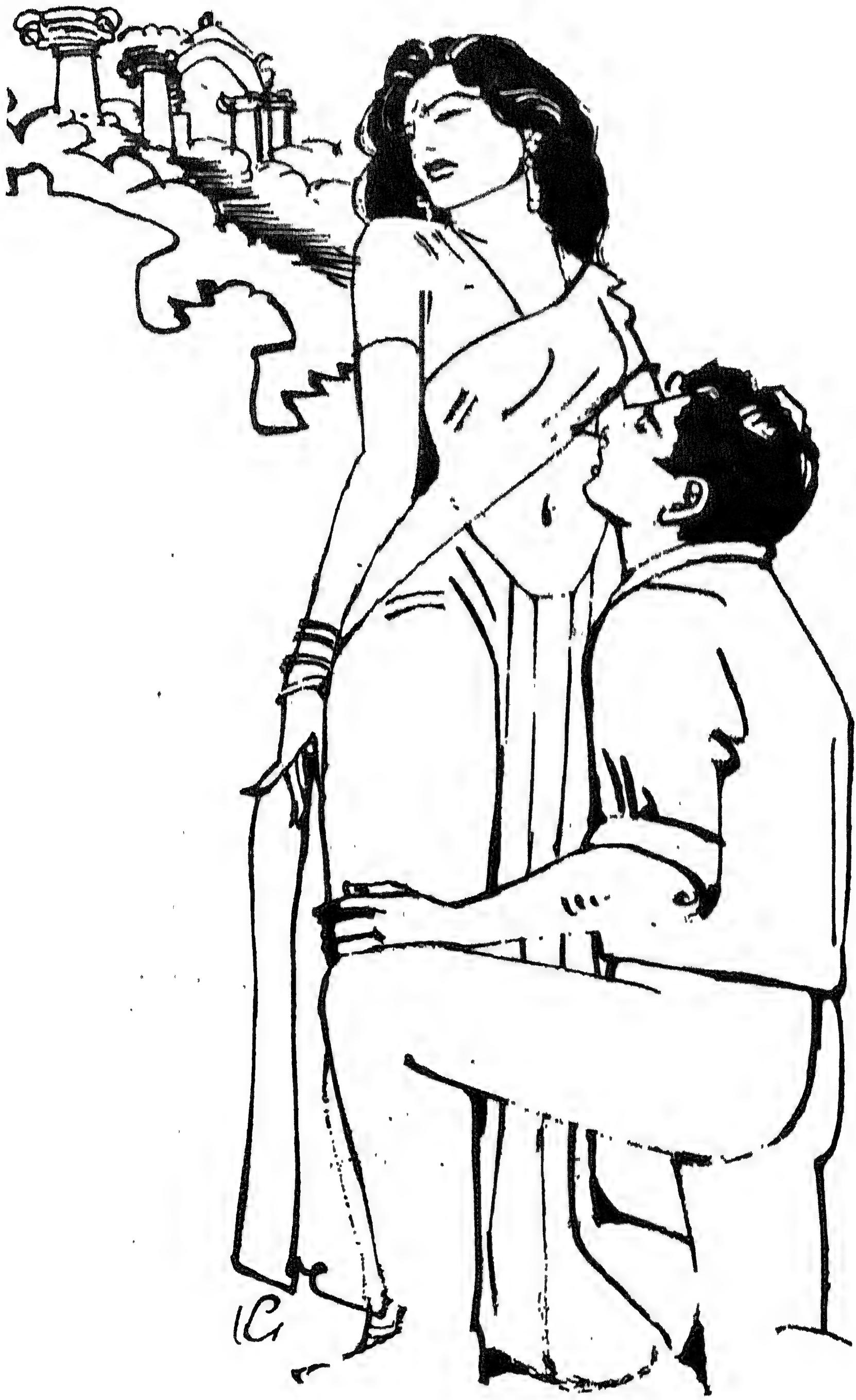
The eyeballs for your soothing looks

How much are they afflicted you know

Loving love became my vice somehow

Who else can wheedle me right now

Except you - so pleasingly my love !



COLOURFUL JOY

Warm clasps
Warmer your affection
They be mine
Severing all connection
With the rest of
The world matters not
Crying very deep
Enjoying the whole lot
Both are fortunes
For tension relief
Hope begets belief
Love so out of belief
Love begets wonders
And is still begetting
My wonders you propping
Being a wonder yourself
Being one always remnant
Am searching you
In the horizon's crescent
A tear from my eye
Tangented by your
Pretty love's ray
Creating a rainbow
The colourful joy of it
Makes me unto you bow !



AM PROUD OF YOU

It's my foolishness
As well meanness
To think to contain
Your liberty is even insane
Beyond self and power
Love exhibits loftiness
There is no room in love
For any sort of haughtiness
As if begging untimely
Craving love when busy
Am I disgustingly
Irritating you my rosy
Why and for what
Your affection in full
I get not and am
Dissatisfied and dull
However much profound
You love me
There is still likely
Some evading me
Your looks tune my heart
Regulate the beat
Sing songs of my desires
Quench the raging flames
Am proud of you
As you excuse me fully
I revere your affliction
Take torment happily
And shall go on
Loving you eternally my Love !



WHAT AM I TO YOU

Can't bring me

Out of your clasps

Nor let you

Out from my arms

Blaming time in

Utter helpless squabbles

Dreaming and in it

Shedding tears uncontrollable

Leading miserable

Life in your absence

Convincing nerves

Craving your

Continuous presence

Oh ! Source of my peace

Happiness and comfort

"What am I to you

Reveal at least in private !



YOU ALONE NEEDED

**Sharing smiles
In happiness
Tears in grief
Is Love !
The union
Direct or Indirect
The Invisible melody of
Each whisper of yours
To me seems
As if it provides
Care Proximity Pleasure
Affection Equanimity Tender
And that is why oh ! Dear
My mind always you doth desire
To brighten the alphabet
To enthuse the poet innate
To provide curtain of Love
Behind mind's window
Move my heart to sing
And dance in full swing
Materialise fully
Desires all silly
Provide such rhyme
To conquer the time
You and you alone are
Very much needed Dear !**



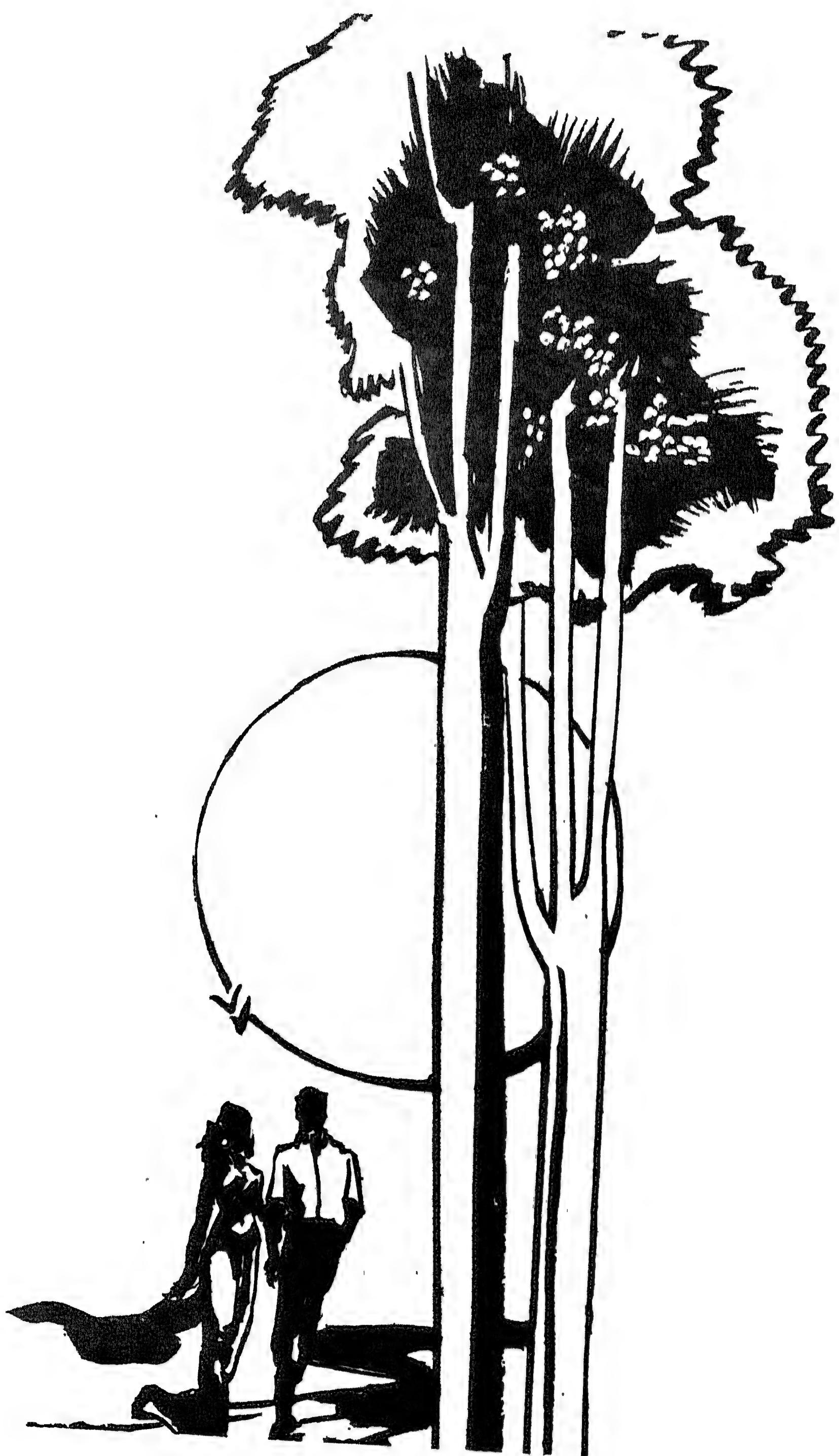
CRAVING CONFLUENCE

I am distinctly different
In your gracious presence
Your association raptus
Me in ecstatic essence
I am mute in
Your conspicuous absence
When together with you
I suffer silence
Am proud others stating
You as solely mine
And am so excited hearing
Me exclusively thine
The shadow of separation
Behind that pride swinging
The trace of freedom
Out of excitement springing
Together forcing me
Yield and yield unto you
Urging me for our
Confluence oh ! my Love !



SPRINGTIME DELIGHT

Love fully blindfolded my eyes
The blame and the sin all yours
Still bow and Love only you
Yes but why so mad I Love You
Why in turn this darting sorrow
Sharply piercing my bone-marrow
Is it why you brought in your eyes
The colourful beauty of all seasons
Or that your rosy lips had filled
Into my lips all the sweetness in the world
And did hug passionately unto hearts
As though they are no more different parts
Me wandering goalless in frenzy illusions
With broken heart so very directionless
Way back time stole all my tears
Leaving dry apathy down the cheeks
Your entry into my hapless life as lute
Whose lilt excels springtime drizzle delight !



LOITER IN LOVE

Dissatisfaction
Begetting imaginations
Imaginations in turn
Evoking hopes
Hopes giving rise
To all sorts of thoughts
Which when personified
'You' it results
That's the reason
I always love you
Left you love with me and
Stole my sleep oh ! you
My eyes refuse
To close and my mind
Your affection
To me it does remind
Your laughs
Your pretty small gifts
Your looks
Your amorous rosy lips
Your smart silence
Your sweet desires
Imagining all
To be Mine and Me yours
'For a while
Atleast to loiter in Love
With you is
My mad desire my Love !



LOVE IS SUBLIME

Some streak beyond
Your physique and beauty
My heart is
Galloping behind my Sweety
Everybody talks so much
About Pure Love but
When they really are
Confronted with Love
They call it all trash
And away from scene
Run as if
It is something
just only to shun
Because love is not
The same as lust
See lusty lovers how pitiable
Make Pure Love as Poor Love
"How can they then
Succeed so soon"
They express doubt
On seeing us as know not
The vast difference
Between love and lust
And that we are
Everburning our bodies
To brighten the darkness
Around and within our minds !



IMMENSE BEAUTY

The world is beautiful

Because of you

May be in my thoughtful

Tribute of love for you

Death doth threaten

Sometime untimely though

Your sparkling lips

Your maternal concern

Your corporeal clasps

Your sheeny skin

And gracious glances

How to part with

This beauty immense

into my obscure

Heart without essence

You breathed life

With all your smiles

My inhalations yours

So are my exhalations !



SECRETS OF CREATION

The moment
My life was perched
On your lips and
Love in eyes stored
Do you remember
Our desires turning sweat
Dampened our
Bodies making us wet
Your exhalations
Skating very warmly
My body
We felt joy ecstatically
Enjoying the
Secrets of Creation fully
How can we forget
Those amorous acts silly
Unto your bosom
Pressing my face
Affirming impunity
With ever togetherness
Deep as desire
Your embrace that tight
Compounded me
Melting into you all night !



BONDS OF LOVE

Not able to live

Without you my love

My helplessness is growing

Me very frail It's making

Like the blue oceanic waves

Soaring are my affection ones

My heart is aching

I am perhaps dying

No love – Sans you

No laughter – Sans you

No peace – Sans you

No myself – Sans you

When together loving

When away cursing

What is this ?

The fact remains

Bonded are our lives !



WHAT DO THEY KNOW

To live soulfully
Be ascetic or Godly
Lingered half way
Like this anyway
So far as we do crave
Adoration Sensuality Love
Life may be a cry
Pathetic and very dry
Addicting to your memories
Adoring all your beauties
In utter darkness
With stretched hands
Longing to reach you
And tightly clasp you
Hope's illusion shattering
Unto darkness staring
Tears of consolation rolling
Remnant dried by morning
Under eyelids as streak
My agony they do speak
In my search and waiting
For you – My thoughts penning
They christen it as madness
In their pure ignorance
Victory of winning your heart
Pangs of separation's defeat
Blessed as am I
The fulfillment I enjoy
In bearing both above
What do all of them know !



SANDALWOOD SANS SMELL

Is this an everlasting pain
A tale yet to sweetness gain
That which can't be reached
Has all the beauties dreamed
Is all the wavering thought
In love so we are taught
For that pain in me to subside
For the tale to reach celluloid
You alone can help intime
To provide my life its rhyme
Looking stouter outwardly
Evaporating within virtually
Sans its smell sandalwood
No one cares being no good
Let me not evaporate in air
Let me no more cry in despair
Do come as a deep cyclone
Depart Love – Bathing me alone !

LITERARY ROMANCE OF KAVIGARU

Having started his scribbling arangetram (beginning) in February 1995 Kavigaru as on today created 75 volumes of Telugu, English, Urdu and Hindi Poetry and is galloping to cross his hundredth anthology in a couple of years.

He has already released eight books within just five years and each one is a novel anthology.

Bhagavadgita (Telugu, English & Hindi versions), 12 Upanishads also in three versions completed and the translation of four Vedas selectively as one each volume are under Scribbling and the trnslation of eighteen Puranas into Telugu & English being under proposal makes him a writer of more than hundred anthologies in about eight years only. Only Almighty should help him in publishing his balance 92 and above books in his life time by some miracle.

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Kavigaru's



Songs of Love